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# SONGS & SATIRES

BY AODH DE BLÁCAM



THE  
TALBOT  
PRESS,  
BOOK-  
LETS.





IRENE DWEN ANDREWS

**Songs and Satires**





# Songs and Satires

By

AODH DE BLÁCAM

AUTHOR OF

"Dornán Dán," "Towards the Republic,"  
"The Druid's Cave," &c.

*"Dá gcluine cuid dár ndáine  
Bainfidh gáire as an Iarla"*



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AND I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God and the testimony which they held. And they cried with a loud voice, saying : How long, O Lord (Holy and True) dost Thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth ? . . . And it was said to them that they should rest for a little time till their fellow-servants and their brethren, who are to be slain even as they, should be filled up.—*Apocalypse, VI.*

## SONGS & SATIRES

---

### For Good Men in Duress

CAPTIVES of Babylon, for your comfort hear  
The doom of Babylon, for that doom draws nigh:  
Hear how the Eagle heard, as he soared high,  
This martyr-cry, through cleaving Heavens, ring  
clear—

*‘ By these our woes, Holy and True, how long  
Till Thou avenge us on Babylon the vile?’*  
And hear the answer :—*‘ Yet a little while:  
Needs still a few to fill your hero-throng.’*

Captives of Babylon, Babylon’s doom but stays  
Till her oppression crown a final few :  
What glory theirs !—what glory were they you !  
Exult !—not vain your woes : they fill her  
shame;  
They haste her doom. And now, ere many days  
On her the Apocalyptic wrath shall flame.

## Dublin-to-be

[On first reading Symonds' *Renaissance in Italy*.]

*Once upon a rainy day  
Through dingy streets I made my way,  
When suddenly a sunny beam  
Made crumbling houses golden seem  
And set the river red as blood  
'Neath busy bridges: in the flood  
Of tempestuous Heaven's light  
I suddenly saw Dublin right!*

Instantly I seemed to be  
Translated into Italy—  
There saw Dante wait to greet  
Beatrice in Firenze's street;  
Saw old Petrarch standing on it  
Deep in the making of a sonnet;  
Musing went Boccaccio  
Muttering his " *ho he to* ";  
Capulet and Montague  
Walked in mournful friendship new;

And, in-armed, commercing thus  
Galileo, Copernicus,  
And the mystic robe of John  
Round Savonarola shone.

For this was in the vernal days  
Of the waking world's amaze,  
When the poets with a rhyme  
Conjured back the ancient time —  
Snared bright Pallas Athenee  
In a mesh of grammarie;  
And men's bitterest contest  
Was—who should honour learning best.

*So shall Dublin be some day  
'Neath the proud Republic's sway.*



## ḠASÚR CATHRACH *Loquitur*:

### I.

Ní fáca mé riam  
Árto-ártnac Spáinneac,  
Ar iapaó 'ran oirde,  
Le lóchrannaiḃ cata—  
As gluairiact tar tonnaiḃ  
Go huaiḃneac le gunnaiḃ,  
Le fion, le laócha  
A'r ragaḃtai' Ḡaeḃealac';

### II.

Act connaicean tiam-cárr  
Ar rráioiḃ na cátnac,  
As gluairiact com rtaíomhean  
Le báo fada Spáinneac;  
Le lampai ar lonnraó, 'reaó  
Ḃhorc ré go fuatnac,  
Cairtín go culait-ḃneag  
Bí aḡa rtiúraó.

III.

Do raḇainn 'ra cāpp-rin  
 Dá mbéad im' láim-re  
 Oipead ir naol  
 Ḡo breicfinn an raoḡal ;  
 Ir annrin d'iarrpócin,  
 Ar an Cárptín ḡo cnearta,  
 An t-áptnac do feólad  
 Ar baile-át'-Cliaḇ fearḇa.

IV.

Ṫar beannaid, Ṫar ráile,  
 Ḡo catair na bPápa,  
 Do ṫmallaḇainn ḡo ḡarta  
 (A'r Tír-rá-Ṫuinn forḇa)—  
 Ḡo lonnḇain na ḡceannuidé,  
 Ḡo halbain na bPiac,  
 A'r abailé ḡo leabaid  
 Ḡo tpic ar a naol !

## To the Spirit of Romance—I.

You are not found among the fair that stand  
About the throne of him whose warriors ride  
Victoriously, through Empire, far and wide,  
His golden banner lifted in the hand;  
Nor serve you her who rules the silvern land,  
Whose sad voice lifts men's hearts on passion's  
tide,  
By whose pale beauty frenzied, there has died  
In futile battle, many a patriot band :

But in the calm republic of the stars,  
That hardly heard the echo of these wars,  
You first drew breath, and there untamed you  
roam—

'Twixt dark and dawn, and over vale and steep  
On the Horse Invisible of the hills you sweep  
Past silent palace and by sleeping home.

## To the Spirit of Romance—II.

THROUGH lacing leaves, the jewels of the sky  
Poured down sweet influence on your mossy bed,  
And thither ghosts of many a queen long dead  
To bless your birth did through the forest hie :  
First brown-eyed Deirdre gave her manner shy  
(For whom that loyal league to exile fled)  
And she for whom the Argive fleet was sped  
Her sanguine gem did on your bosom tie.

Morgan le Fay, the mocker, who alone  
Laughed brave defiance to the Arthurian throne,  
Did with her darkling magic you endow ;  
But lastly came the blessèd Beatrice  
To dower you with secret words of peace  
And make the sacred signet on your brow.



### To the Spirit of Romance—III.

THE proud knight-errant may not hear your song  
Nor by the impassioned pleader are you seen;  
You only come to those of mind serene  
In innocence, or purged with suffered wrong.  
Sometimes when friends are false and hope is  
weak,

Disconsolate beside my fire I brood,  
You tell me glamorous tales of times when good  
Was unbetrayed : thus once against my cheek

Your crisp hair brushed, and once, as morning  
gleamed,

I saw you stand on Ulaidh's mountain lios  
Where heroes swore the oath yet unredeemed,  
And as I knelt, you girt me for the fight  
And whispered to me I should be your knight,  
And bending, touched my forehead with your  
kiss.



## A Prayer

My father in his youth of Freedom dreamed  
And thrilled with hope that he might live to see  
That age-sought Irish liberty which seemed  
Not all-remote. But he

Grew old, despairing. Freedom still delayed  
And Ireland's night was darkest when he  
died,—

But I have seen the thing for which he prayed  
At hand : for I have eyed

The flag of the Republic in the air.  
God grant, my son—when I shall end my days—  
Shall not in turn behold a sire's despair  
While freedom still delays.

## RONSARD RO CHAN.

*"Quand vous serez bien vieille—"*

Nuair a béar tú dorca, coir na teinead, a ghrád,  
Suiríte fá íolur na scoinneal, ag fuasáil ríoda ir ríóil,  
Cuihniḡ ar Ronraro ir abair—ag gabáil go caoin mo  
deoil:

Mar a "mólad Ronraro mo mairleadt 'na amháin  
doibne, trád."

Agur nuair a maoidfir m'ainm, gíó tuirleadt iad agur  
tláit,

Deir do cumala caoine ag eirleadt le formad leat  
go fóill,

Agur canrair na cailíní cáe, "nac doibinn duit an  
rceol,

Do éilú gá buanú 'ra t-raoḡal i ndánta a mairfead go  
brád!"

Dála Ronrart, 'ra roilís iread a béad i mo luíge,  
 Imo rcáil fá rcáile na miorcail i sciúinear san  
 uúireadé go deo:

Ir annrín bad éruas leat mo gráó (asur turá ió'  
 cáilleí san bhríí)

Bad éruas fá íeadé leat do éruadár ir t'uaibnear  
 lem asáiró raóó:

Ó nárab amláiró an rcéal!—ná habair: “amárac  
 an gráó”—

Tar liom inoiu fríó an t-raoíal: anoir tá ná  
 Rópa fá bláé.

## A Ballad of the Red Hand

THE Red Right Hand of Ulster is Ireland's own  
Right Hand :

Of old it ruled her council-board, it bore her  
battle-brand ;

With "*the Red Right Hand to Victory*,"—when  
Ulster's war-cry rang,

The Palesmen crouched in Dublin, but Ireland  
laughed and sang.

What reddened Ulster's Red Right Hand but  
the blood of Ireland's foes ?

For aye it held the danger gap when the men of  
Ireland rose :

And the Queen's men and the waverers, and the  
brave men of the mouth,

They trembled, but they followed, when Hugh  
O'Neill went South.

When Ulster's battle-cry rang out : "*The Red  
Right Hand Abú !*"

The English armies shook and broke and let the  
victor through :



Before that wrathful emblem the foes of freedom  
fled,

But gaily followed Ireland's friends where  
Ulster's banner led.

And can it be—or *shall* it be—that Ireland's  
strong right hand—

The hand of Ulster—shall be struck to earth by  
traitor's brand?

And the Red Hand still be Ulster's sign that  
thence it may be seen

How bloodily they tore it from our Lady  
Cathaleen!

---

ῥάιιτιύ.

Ἡυαὸ ῥαῖα βιὸ ἀγυρ ρεαν ῥαῖα ὀίγε, .

Ῥέιὀτιῖ-ῥοῖαιιν α' βεαν-α'-τιῖγε :

Μαρ βαὸ ὀυαλ ροῖμ ριονν Mac Cumail—

Óir cia 'tá éugainn áct an τ-ἀταρ Ó Tuatail.



## St. Brigid's Day

*A Bhrigit, scar os mo chionn  
Do bhrat fionn dom anacul.*

—MOLLING NAOMHTHA.

Now is the Feast of Bride,—and, Bride, thus do  
I see thee :  
Winter dies at thy feet, the Winter of pagan  
days;  
The pagan Brigit goes by; the sorrows of dark-  
ness flee thee,  
And with thee comes the Queen whom wheel-  
ing heavens praise.

Dark was the Winter and dire : but now grey  
skies are rifted,  
With light of the longer days, with the winds  
of Spring swept clear;  
Leaps the blood and the bonds that bound the  
land are lifted;  
Gladly the world awakes and waits the  
welcome year.

Pray for us, Bride, to-day, O Bringer of  
Spring to Eire,

That this year of years may bring the Summer  
we long to hail,

And a ransomed land at last lift freedom's fruits  
to Mary—

Pray for thy people thus, to-day, O Mary of  
the Gael.

### TEAGASC NA FÉILE.

Ir cuma rairéibín nó boét mo teac  
ní dúnpaó doimur go deo ar neac,  
Ar easla nac bpuigiró mé  
Forclaó doimr' as doimur Dé.

## amhrán molta fíona.

Soilbhir poineannta Earrað na h-Óige  
[Bláð ar an talam, blas ar an gaoið]  
Bíodh aghainn greann agus gáire go ceolmhar—  
Líon an corinn, go n-ólfram uiréí.

Mo éruaḡ naé mairpíð an t-Earrað ro coirðce,  
Caittear an Óige mar caittear an Fíon,  
Tiocfaidh sean-doir agus fuacht 'nár gceoróidibh,  
Agus báir ina d'iaidh rin—ní carrfar é d'inn . . .

Adt líon an corinn: a' ar a' nua ar a hólfram  
[Ag peiteam 'ran oirde le buille báir trom]  
Bað cuimhin a' ar linn binnear na h-Óige,  
Agus beirpíð rinn buirde don Ríog ar a pon.

## ΔΙΣΤΥΓ 1 ΣΡΑΪΟ ΥΪ ΧΟΝΑΙΛΛ.

Ψρῖο na ρρᾶιϑε ϑαμῖ ἀρείρ  
Ὀ'αῖτρεαρ ἑιὸμ ρέιμ ἀμ' ἐρῖοϑε  
Ὀάντα Οῖρῖν, ρεῗατα ῥῖνν  
Δς ρμυαῖνεαὶ ἀρ ἑῖνν na Ρῖος—

Ἡυαῖρ ϑο μᾶρ ρῖονν ἱρ ἀν ῥῖανν  
b'ῗ ceol ᾶ μῖαν, b'olc leo bῖῖν ;  
Λεῖςεαρ ορῖαὶ υαῖμ ζο ρῖουδαρ :  
Ἐῖρε, ἱρ τρῖας ζαν ἱαὶ beo !

Ὀ'ῗρῖς ρομᾶμ εἑἱτ μᾶοτ  
'S Ὀ'ῖμῗς υαῖμ ἑε ἑῖμ ἱρ ἑῖτ ;  
Ὀ'αμᾶρc μέ ζο ζῗαρ 'na ῖαῖο  
Ζῖρ cαἱἑαὶ ῥαν οῖῗc' ᾶ cῖῖτ—

Ζαν ϑῖἑ 'na ἑῖς ρῗ mo ῗαοἱ  
Ὀe ῗῖονν mo cῖοῖϑε beῖτ ρο-Λας—  
Μαρ ῗαἑαρ ζο ἡᾶρῖ ραν ἀερ  
ἀν Ὀῖρῖ ρῗῖνν' ὅν τ-ρῖαῖ 1 ὅρᾶο.

## The Poor Knight

COUNT me a candidate  
For your esteem,  
And I no errantry  
O'er hard will deem.

Rich homage yours to-day  
From lords of lands—  
I linger noteless here  
With empty hands;

Yet dare I front your gaze  
Because, of you  
No homage worthy is  
Save service true :

Your kind eyes make of this  
A golden hoard,  
They strengthen, too, the grasp  
On questing sword—



So as I, giftless, bend  
Above your hand  
This is the parting boon  
I do demand :

Give me this earnest of  
My secret dream—  
Count me a candidate  
For your esteem.

## To a Castle Catholic

*'I do not like this task'—I hear you say—  
'But since it happens that it must be done  
It must be done by someone. If that one  
Be some sour heretic, then all the pay  
Will pass to heretic hands, and so we miss  
The only benefit that we might gain.  
I'll take the contract.'*—Thus do you explain  
Your treachery. And like an echoing hiss

I hear a voice that says : *'It is decreed  
That Christ my Master be betrayed to die.  
(To strive against the prophecies were vain).  
Why should not, then, as true believer, I  
And not some undeserving stranger, gain  
The thirty shillings offered for the deed?'*

## Áilleáin chaiteín.

[Thosa Sigeirron do éum 'ra béarla: máire níc  
cearbhail, bean dotha ve blácam, o'airteig.]

### I.

Buò máit liom raiḡtoúir, raiḡtoúir, raiḡtoúir  
Buò máit liom raiḡtoúir le tpoio ar mo fón;  
Tá raiḡtoúir as Marie, as Marie, as Marie,  
Tá raiḡtoúir as Marie, raiḡtoúir asur long.

### II.

Buò máit liom bpat ḡeal, bpat ḡeal, bpat ḡeal  
Buò máit liom bpat ḡeal ar folamain so raor;  
Tá bpat móir, bpat cpotha, bpat rpoill as ḡnetchen  
Tá bpat móir as ḡnetchen, so rpolurmar poiléir.

### III.

Buò máit liom long beas, long mín, long breas,  
Buò máit liom long mín a'r í pá lán-treol;  
Tá long móir as Seámin, long fátha, long ḡlar,  
Aét bain pé mo long beas, an rpailepín lán ve meoin.

## IV.

Buó mairt liom pingin, pingin, pingin,  
 Buó mairt liom pingin a'r í mo pingin féin ;  
 Annrin do éógrainn teac móir, teac mairt, teac mair,  
 Annrin do éógrainn teac móir go breas go háro'ra  
 rpreir.

## V.

Ác't do goir Séan mo pingin, mo pingin, mo pingin,  
 Agus bain ré mo brat geal ar folamhain raor réim ;  
 Annrin bí mo long beas, mo long mhín as Seánín,  
 Agus b'uir ré mo raiḡtoíuir do éirio ar nór na féinn'.

## VI.

Bí an raiḡtoíuir 'na laoc dom, 'na laoc dom, na laoc  
 dom,  
 Ác't rtoac rannac Seánín, rtoac cmaorac é ;  
 Agus buaileann ré na garrúir, na giorraig, na páirsoí,  
 Agus goirdeann ré a n-áilleáin ; nac an-oroóbéarac é?

VII.

Ácť nuair a beir pé buailte, buailte a' r buailte,  
 Nuair a beir pé buailte ir ašam beir an ríot;  
 Ásur geobair mé mo pingin, mo pingin, mo pingin—  
 Ásur crotair mé mo bpat glar go háir go lán 'ra  
 šaoit.

*(Translation published by kind permission of  
 Mr. Clement Shorter.)*

cúmhne is ceol.

Nuair a cluinnim cláirpeac éadoin  
 Cluinnim pianrán rám na rpuť,  
 Cluinnim cogairnac crann 'ra ríon,  
 Cluinnim trío an doibneap, šut—  
 Šut mo šráda aš šabáil amráin  
 A' r rinn ar rán ar bán a' énuic,  
 Maidin eapraig i bpat i šcém—  
 Ó!—rtrac na téadai šéar' go trpe!



## On Freedom's Eve

WHEN comes the Revolution and the world  
Storms the Bastille that holds its hopes in  
thrall,

When States like tumbled walls are overhurled,  
Then loudly Freedom's call

Shall summon men with streaming eyes to pray  
For those who died before the dawn,—the dead  
Who won for us, but never saw, the day;  
And it shall then be said :

In all your orisons remember Pearse  
(That dreamed and did), Connolly, Mitchel,  
Tone,  
Gentle O'Leary, O'Donovan the fierce,  
Emmet, who died alone,—

Liebknecht who fell ere German freedom rose,  
Shelley and pitying Marx and gallant Paine.  
But highest honour shall we yield to those  
For whom we'll rear a fane

Where ceaseless incense to the Crucified  
Shall smoke and ceaseless Offices be prayed—  
For those, the humble and the nameless ones, who  
died  
Upon the barricade.

## PERSONAL PARODIES

---

[I.]

Mr. Richard Rowley, Sick, *Loquitur*

THE crash of a thousand hammers,  
The whirl of thousand looms,  
The gas-engine's stutters and stammers,  
The suction-plant's bangings and booms,  
  
The creaking and clatter of derricks,  
With the shrieking of syrens in tune—  
Are as sweet as a lyric of Herrick's . . .  
But a minute's peace *would* be a boon.

[II.]

A Homestead Tea

GEORGE RUSSELL (A. E.)  
Once took a fairy to tea :  
But he talked so much about Basic Slag  
That the conversation began to flag.

[III.]

## Inaugural Ode

[Mr. Rudyard Kipling is to be one of the Knights of the Order of the British Empire.—*Daily Paper.*]

I AIN'T no "thin red 'ero,"  
And I ain't no fighting toff;  
I ain't no 'Aig or Jellicoe,  
Nor yet no Brusiloff;

I ain't no Count of 'Oly Rome,  
No Marquis, Earl, or Dook;  
I ain't named after Mike and George,  
Nor Matthew, Mark, and Luke—

I ain't no Knight of coves like them;  
I don't command no Barf,  
But I'm a Knight of the Hempire—  
*That's* wot I am, not 'arf.

[IV.]

## Descriptive

SAID Jacques : " There was very dull fare in  
The proceedings of Dáil Eireann;  
With a dance and a spicy song  
It wouldn't have seemed so long."



## The House with the Greasy Windows

[A NOVEL BY BRINSLEY MCNAMARA]

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### CHAPTER CXXXVIII.

HE walked slowly down the road. A mangy dog got in his way. He kicked it. He wondered why. . . . And now it had gone. He remembered that it yelped as if with pain. He had not noticed things very clearly since his wife ran away. Why had she gone? Perhaps it was to catch a train. She preferred a train to him. . . . Or was it really his wife? Was it all a dream? Anyhow, it did not matter now. He would go to the Post Office and send a wire. . . . The postman coming out had chilbains and snivelled when he talked. The girl behind the counter had inky fingers. The blotting-paper was covered with ink. There were many notices on the wall. Most of them were frayed and out-of-date. No, he would not send a telegram after all. Sometimes he thought he would



be an author and describe the life of Bally-misery. But was it worth while? Ink always made blots, and the roads were dirty. What was the good of anything? He had walked this way every day for the past ninety years, and things were just the same as when he first came to the village. A little shabbier perhaps. . . . Drabber . . . dirtier. The time had come to make a change. He found his revolver. It was rusty, and the magazine moved stiffly. But at last he found a cartridge. He blew out his brains.

He felt better then.

THE END.

[VI.]

### Lest Any Err

SAID Mr. Gaynor :

“ I am not a Sinn Féiner

I wish to state that here

Though I *thought* I had made it clear.”

Peter McBrien  
Reviews the "Jail Journal"

WE have received a copy of an amateurish work in imitation of Carlyle, by an author of whom we have not previously heard. We regret we cannot compliment him on his performance, which is lacking in originality and the *tantaene coelestibus irae* of true literature. He has written his experiences in prison, apparently having served an all-too-short period of incarceration for his Red Flag sympathies, which in other countries would have justly brought him to the scaffold. He is probably unaware that the same idea has already been worked on by Silvio Pellico in *I Mei Prigioni*. Hence, we can see no call for another book of prison whinings of the sort popularised by ignorant Socialist demagogues. We scent in these pages the crude and crimson economics of Karl Marx and his demented followers, so crushingly refuted by Dr. Maxse-Wauff in the last issue

of the *Diario*. *Tant pis pour messieurs les assassins*, as Mme. Lafelle said on a celebrated occasion, and the Abbé de Trouville's *aujourd'hui de bonne heure* was never better illustrated. Our young author forgets that the ideology of national convolutory introspection cannot be correlated to the teleological theory of ethic psychology, of which indeed it is but the pale and purposeless reflection, in contradistinction to the *cantet viator* of the Anarchist school.—P. McB.

FIRST READER—What the H—— does it all mean?

SECOND READER—Search me. I think it must be Irish in Simplified Spelling.

FIACHRA ÉILGEACH *Loquitur*

Fí ró fúm!  
 Šeibim bolad  
 Šaebilge ulad,  
 Fíle maít nó fíle dona  
 Ní račaiđ uaim šan doptađ fola,  
 Fí ró fúm!

Fí ró fúm!  
 Cá bpuair ré Šaebilš, innir dom—  
 Inr an éiabán, corúil liom?  
 Cóir a'r ceapt ir iad amáin  
 Caint a'r ciall an éiabáin—  
 Mar atá ašam:  
 Fí ró fúm!

Fí ró fúm!  
 Sé an puo ir meapa liom  
 Mar a molaio, cáč, na dánta,  
 Šan dúil aš éinne cun mo cáinte—  
 Sin mapla dom!  
 Fí ró fúm!





# THE :: TALBOT :: PRESS BOOKLETS

Paper :: :: One Shilling Net each

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Some Poems of Roger Casement. With an Introduction by  
MRS. GERTRUDE PARRY.

Leaves on the Wind. By S.  
MICHAEL CREVEQUER.

Walled Gardens. By T. B.  
RUDMOSE-BROWN.

After Easter. By SIBÉAL TUCAIG.

Dark Days. By LENNOX ROBINSON. (Prose).

Songs of the Island Queen. By  
PEADAR MAC TOMAIS.

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2 Acts. By HELEN WADDELL.

The Shadow of the Rose. By  
J. BERNARD MCCARTHY.

Songs and Satires. By AODH  
DE BLÁCAM.

*Others in Preparation.*



